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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

VOL. XXV.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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ROBBY CASSADAY. V. J. LINE

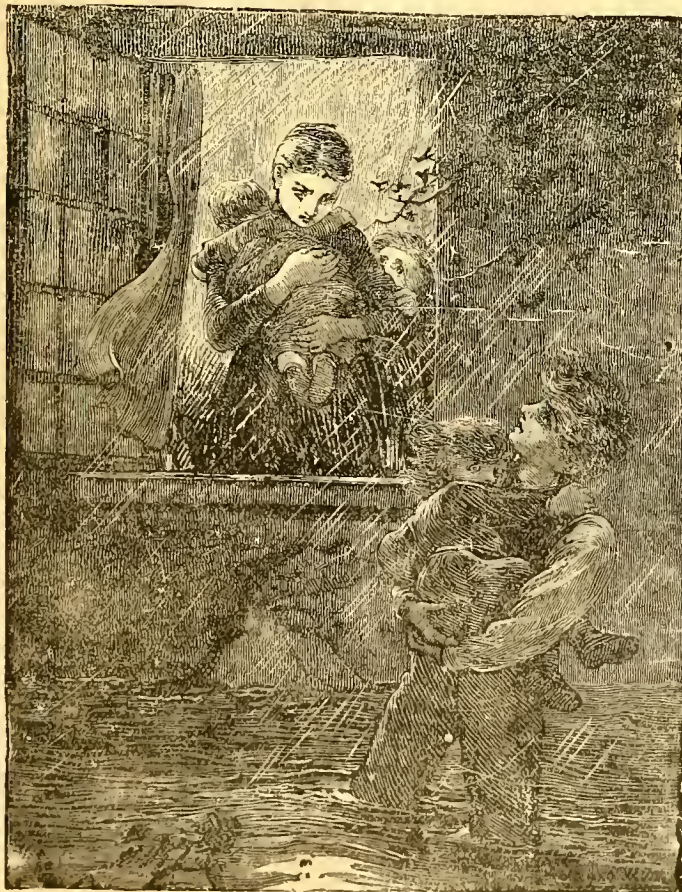
IT WAS a dreary night outside. The rain was falling in a steady, monotonous way that was trying to ears and nerves. Inside the little low-roofed cottage all was warmth and cheer. For the very floor shone with neatness and the shelves were white with many scrubblings, while the cheery fire in the small cook stove gave a soft brilliance to a generous coat of blacking so recently given to it. A few common chairs, a bed in the corner covered with a clean patch-work quilt of many colors, with the

stove, a few shelves of dishes and a table in the center of the strip of rag carpeting, were all there was by way of furniture; but the air of general comfort seemed to emanate from the sweet-faced, patient little mother who sat

at the table sewing, surrounded by a tribe of little noisy children.

"Say, ma, when will I be a man?" asked Robby, the oldest boy, who was about twelve years old.

"Why, Robby, what a boy you are. You ask me that question two or three times a day. Some boys are men when they are fifteen, while some are so backward that they are still boys when they reach



ROBBY'S MANLINESS.

twenty, and some never became anything more than boys."

"Which will I be, ma?" persisted the lad.

"Oh, I can't tell. I should say you would be a man quite young. Leastwise, you ought to, for you are so anxious to be one."

"What makes boys men, anyway?"

"Well, dear, to be tall and full-grown is not to be a man. Nor is it a mark of a man to swear or drink or smoke, or to be wild and reckless. No, indeed. There are many vile creatures in the shape and form of men who are far more degraded than the beasts of the field. If you want to be a man, you must act like one. Be thoughtful of all creatures, especially women and children, for God made men stronger and larger that they might protect and cherish with loving care all who are placed under their charge. You must try and help papa to bear his heavy burden of supporting us all, by taking good care of everything when he is away and by doing everything he tells you to do when he is here. In this way your manhood will soon develop and all will be ready to speak of you as a manly boy instead of a boyish man."

"Mamma," piped five-year-old Lule, "when will I be a man?" whereat Robby and his mamma laughed.

"I be a man some day," announced three-year-old Jay. "When I'm a man," he said to Lule, "I shall drive horses and wagons."

"Well, then," retorted Lule, "when I'm a woman I'll wear long dresses and have beaux and go to parties."

"When I'm a man I'll be a farmer and plant corn and dig potatoes and have a saddle."

"When I'm a woman I'll have a house, with chairs and dishes and stoves and things."

"When I'm a man I'll make railroad cars and stores and break wild horses."

"And when I'm a woman I'll have dear little babies."

Poor little Jay was completely silenced. The mother smiled and looked round at the two little squabblers and wondered if after all

Lule's were not the greater mission, the higher trust.

There was a few moments' silence, then Robby asked, "When will father be home?"

"Not till late. He had many errands to do, and he said he should be till way after dark."

The home of the Cassadays was on the "bottoms." The little farm house was away from any other, the village of Northtown being three miles distant. It stood in the center of their farm, near a spring of clear, cool water. About a quarter of a mile from the house was a gentle hill or "rise" in the ground with a few trees on it, called by the Cassadays "The Children's Grove." Here came the little Cassadays to rest and play beneath the grateful shade of the tall poplar trees; and here the mother herself sometimes came with baby and her sewing to pass the long, pleasant spring afternoons.

Several years of hard labor had made the farm of some profit, and this spring everything looked particularly well. The fields were all smiling in golden greens and browns beneath the melting glances of their lover, the sun himself.

Cassaday was up at the village and heard some vague rumors about the sudden rising of the river. He hurried his errands, and so anxious did he at last become that he left some of them undone and started home, riding as fast as he could through the rain and sloppy, muddy roads.

That evening the mother listened to her little ones' prayers, Jay's quaint little request that baby Cecil might be a good boy tomorrow and not "tired" mamma with his crossness. Lule's long, intelligent prayer for everything and everybody she could possibly think of. At last baby's eyelids drooped, and with a long, silent kiss he, too, was tucked away to sleep.

Robby's feet were propped in a very manly fashion on the hearth of the stove, while the angle of his chair was as near manliness and consequent overturning as he could possibly

make it; while Robby was, in a very brown study.

"Mamma," he said at length, "would it be silly for me to ask God to help me to be a man soon? I do want to be a help to pa and a comfort to you."

"No, dear, I don't think it would be silly at all so long as your motive is as pure as it is. God is not displeased with us for wishing to help and to aid in doing all we can while we live on this earth."

The boy sat thinking some time longer, then kissed his mother and went to bed, where he knelt down and said his simple, earnest prayer, adding his desire to "soon be a man."

The mother sat long at her sewing, and about midnight she was startled to see a tiny rivulet of water run in under the door and to the stove. The house stood about a foot from the ground on four pillars, or rather four supports of rocks piled up. A few steps led up to the door, and the house being thus somewhat up from the ground Mr. Cassaday felt sure was the reason of their immunity from much of the ague which infests low countries.

She snatched up her light and hurried to the door. The rain beat in upon her as she stood, but, ah—her house was in the midst of a rapid, running river, which increased in force and volume every moment.

She looked back—the water was running quite freely across the floor, and it was only a question of moments, not hours, ere the whole house would go down on the bosom of the flood. She went at once to Robby's cot and woke him.

"What is it?"

He sprang out of bed at the sight of his mother's pale face and rapidly dressed himself, while she as rapidly and quickly dressed the others.

"Robert," the pale lips quivered even as spoke, "what shall be done, the river's broken loose. Shall we wait here? Father certainly will soon be here, and maybe the house, even if it should float off, will be safer for us than anywhere else till papa comes."

Poor woman-heart leaning on the possible help of "papa."

Robby ran to the door and looked at the sea of waters about them.

"Mother," he said, as he shut the door again on the wind and rain and river, "I'll tell you what I think will be the best. You know father has always said we must run to the grove if ever there is danger from the flood. Now, I can carry Jay over, and you wait here till I come back; then I'll take baby Cecil and you can carry Lule. It won't take me long, you know, and you can make up a little bundle of our best things while I am gone, to take with us. Now, cheer up, mother, we'll soon be safe on the grove and we can stay there till pa comes."

During his long speech, made with quick breath and in jerked sentences, Robby was piling things up against the door to keep out the water as much as possible, as the wind threatened to tear off the primitive fastening.

He threw off his coat and ran to the window, threw wide the shutter and jumped out.

"The water isn't very deep, ma," he called back cheerily, "hand Jay out to me and I'll be back in a jiffy."

Taking the frightened little fellow in his arms he started out. His mother stood at the window with the baby close to her heart, while Lule stood close behind in a perfect frenzy of terror.

"Mother, cheer up," said Robby.

"My brave little man," sobbed the mother; and with those words ringing in his heart he hurried away toward the knoll.

The mother knelt down with baby at her breast and Lule near her, sobbing and praying in broken, pitiful tones. The moments dragged out like long hours filled full of agony and terror.

The little house would creak and sometimes sway, causing poor little Lule to scream in an agony of fright.

At last the well-known voice of her "boy-man" Robby came at the window.

"Now, mamma, hand out baby and you

get out and you can lift Lule out afterwards. Come on ; we'll soon be safe now."

With a last prayer for safety the mother complied, and taking a bundle containing their few valuables she blew out the light, handed the baby to Robby, and jumping out she pulled Lule after her and they began their short but none too safe journey.

The wind was blowing hard now, and the rain beat in their faces with a cruel persistence.

The way was short but the water was now above Robby's knees, and the little fellow was weary with his former heavy exertions.

He began to stagger, and the poor mother feared every moment lest her two precious ones should fall in the dismal waste of waters about them, and mayhap be lost to her forever.

"Walk near to mother, Robby dear ; remember you are now mother's only man."

He looked up a moment, then bracing himself with an effort he said sturdily, "I'm all right, ma. Don't you worry, but be of good cheer."

The phrase "be of good cheer," which he had heard so often on his brave, hopeful father's lips, came with a weak little quiver from the youthful hero.

He grew weaker and still weaker, until as they neared the knoll he could scarcely resist the rush of the current around the hilly rise of ground.

"O God," screamed the mother as he stumbled just as he reached the knoll, "Robby, you are losing the baby."

With one supreme effort he flung the baby up on the ground above him and sank down in the water exhausted.

Not to drown ; for the mother, throwing her charge on the upper ground, ran around the edge of the water and as the boy passed her she dragged him out and up on to the safe footing of the hilly refuge.

Here she rubbed and chafed his hands and breathed in his mouth, all the while calling him in piteous tones her "man," her hero.

Suddenly a voice sounded near in a loud "hello."

Running down to the edge of the water she responded in loud tones, "Is it you, Henry?"

"Yes, my dear ; I have a boat here. Are you all there?"

"Yes ; but, oh, I fear Robby is dead. Come and see quick, quick, papa."

Together they hastened up the slope, and in a few moments the boy began to show signs of life.

"How did you get here, Mary?"

"Robby brought Jay and then came back for baby. O Henry, he is a little hero."

"He is better than that, my dear, he is a man. Not in years, but in wisdom and love. God bless my Robby man."

Robby's eyes unclosed in a happy, grateful glance, and Robby's ears drank in the assurance of his answered prayer. To his dying day, and he lived many years thereafter, no after happiness will exceed the sweet thrill of delight his brave father's merited praise gave him.

Events proved Robby's wisdom, for daylight showed them the wreck of the house away down the stream, crushed by heavy timbers and torn by the rushing waters.

It was a night of agony for many hearts, but to Robby it was mingled with gratitude that he had been enabled to save his brothers and prove himself a man in very deed.

HUMILITY.—'Tis a fair and fragrant flower; in its appearance modest, in its situation low and hidden ; it doth not flaunt its beauties to every vulgar eye, or throw its odors on every passing gale ; 'tis unknown to the earthly botanist, it discovers itself only to the spiritual searcher ; neither does he find it among those gay and gaudy tribes of flowers with which the generality are so easily captivated, but in some obscure and unfrequented spot, where the prints of human footsteps are rarely seen. But whenever he finds it, he is sure to behold its bosom opened to the Sun of Righteousness, receiving new sweets in perpetual succession from its exhaustless source.

MOTHER'S NEW YEAR STORY.

"ISN'T this delightful?" exclaimed Mabel as she spread out her hands to the cheerful blaze of the great fire. "Everything a reasonable person could wish for in the way of food, clothing and 'creature comforts,' as grandma puts it; and, best of all, dear mother, sisters and brothers all united under the same roof for the first time in many years."

"We all appreciate it I am sure, Mab," said Orson, our eldest brother.

"Now then, the whole long evening is before us, and as father cannot possibly get home from his meeting for two hours, I propose," pausing and looking around at us, from big brother Orson down to slender little Lucy, the baby of the family, "I propose that mother tells us the story of her life. We have never heard it and I am sure none of you have, that is, right from beginning to end."

"Dear, I can't remember so far back as my beginning, and I hope I have not yet reached the end of my life," corrected mother; for Mabel generally spoke quickly and thoughtlessly.

"To be sure," laughed Mab, "well tell us how father got such a dear, blessed, good and altogether lovely woman for a wife as our mother," adding a kiss to punctuate her remarks.

"That might be a possible task," answered mother. "So sit down quietly all of you and I will tell you all about it, as the children say, for it is really a New Year's story."

"I don't suppose Del ever made one real effort either to gain or retain her numerous admirers. But it was, as Aunt Judith remarked, a matter of fashion to be one of Del's 'beaux.'"

"We all lived in a country many miles from here. Deep russet red sand, in irregular vales and valleys between raised volcanic and rocky table lands, whose even lines at irregular heights give the impression of a country once high and even, but in countless ages, through the wash of water and volcanic

agencies, graved into long even hills, with low, hot, breathless valleys lying between.

"Here, between two black, rocky volcanic hills on east and west, with a higher red sandstone mountain looming up on the north, the southern vista broken by the swift, uncertain water of the Rio Mary, trailing serpentine fashion across from east to west, beyond the river still, countless table-like hills rising and melting into rarest of pink and purple tints, lies Helena.

"Here, too, as Aunt Judith expresses it, we were melting into one great grease spot.

"You must not judge Aunt Judith, however, by her speeches, but wait until you know her better. Just now, when my story opens, she is out in the garden filling the skirt of her dress with many of nature's profuse gifts. Aunt Annie knew what was coming, and was hastily preparing an extra pot of broth on the stove.

"Here Annie," says Aunt Judith, 'let me make the soup. You go about your business and I'll get dinner.'

"But, Judith, I have fixed this broth for the boys. You know they don't care for a vegetable soup. Here is a bone and soup in this pot, use this for yourself.'

"The boys, humph! The boys don't know what's good, they never did. Get out of the kitchen now, Annie, and get to your sewing. I'll fix dinner.'

"Poor little Aunt Annie flutters about, afraid to leave Judith in sole possession, for Aunt Judith, when possessed of a 'notion,' as their husband, Uncle Milo, terms it, is ruled by it for the time.

"Indeed, if Aunt Judith were not so strong-minded, her mind so well-poised, she would be called cranky, instead of eccentric.

"In the meantime she has deposited lettuce, tomatoes, onions, cold biscuit, cabbage, beans, carrots, rice, dried apples, bits of fat bacon, spices of all kinds and potatoes in various lots and portions into her own soup, and stamps about the small summer kitchen until her dinner is ready and she is hot and tired out, for she is not strong.

"Uncle Milo and the boys come in and gather round the table, at Aunt Annie's call.

"The boys are: Milo, jr., Eric, James and Harvey.

"Let us look at them all. Uncle Milo, with square, well-marked features and quizzical eyes; Aunt Judith, very tall and large every way, with her long nose and keen, intellectual face, her hair drawn over a splendid forehead, and with manners distinctly original, if not sometimes disagreeable. But you must see Aunt Judith a little at a time.

"Aunt Annie, sweetest of all little women, with round face, soft brown eyes, and black hair smoothly braided, with a sort of coronal braid of mysterious materials, each strand enclosed in a close silk net, the whole making an odd halo around a head fit for any calendar saint.

"As for Milo, jr., he was very 'young' of his age, twenty-two, with a straight, handsome nose and a pair of clear hazel eyes that never fear anyone's gaze. His dark-brown hair was neither straight nor curly, and it was put off from a wide, high forehead that bespoke for its owner a mind of his own, and a well filled one it was too. He had long legs, and a quick energetic movement that carried out his fond Aunt Judith's reminder that from his very birth she knew 'he had never been still a minute of his life except when he was asleep.' All in all, Milo was a fine looking lad, and his manners were as modest as his face was handsome.

"Eric and James were antipodes. Eric's black, quiet eyes and black close curls were exactly counterparted in James' rollicking blue eyes, light crisp curls, and fair complexion.

"Meanwhile Aunt Judith has calmly removed her false teeth and put them in her pocket, remarking, 'I can't half enjoy my dinner with these things choking up my mouth.'

"Well, Judith, I am in favor of your removing any obstacle that lies in the way of your dinner,' returns Uncle Milo.

"That's what I've been in the habit of doing all my life, Milo.'

"Just so. And the habits of a life-time can not be put into a pocket, my dear. Will you pass the soup?'

"Try mine, pa,' she says persuasively.

"And his face, as he endeavors to separate the various ingredients into component parts, is a study in comedy.

"Thanks, but I guess I'll try mamma's potato broth.'

"Aunt Judith retires as it were behind the barricade of dishes surrounding her plate, and becomes too absorbed to offer or reply to any remark.

"Boys,' asks Uncle Milo, 'how have you been getting on this morning? Can we get on to the five acre piece of lucerne this week?'

"I don't know, father, we are not through where we are, and the lucerne won't hurt to stand till Monday. Tomorrow is May Day, you remember.'

"So it is, so it is; mamma, have you got any pudding or pie for us?'

"And Aunt Annie jumps up exclaiming, 'Gracious, pa, it's a good thing you spoke. I set it just inside the oven.'

"She hurried to the kitchen, and is arrested half way across the room by a knock at the front door, whence she returns presently with a telegram in her hand.

"It's a telegram for you, pa. I wonder what's the matter.'

"Uncle Milo laid down his knife and fork, got out his spectacles, and wiping his knife carefully cuts open the little indifferent looking missive and reads, the others, all but Aunt Judith, waiting curiously.

"S. L. CITY, April 30th, 18—.

"Bro. Milo Allred.

"Can your son, Milo, jr., be ready to start on a mission to New Zealand in two weeks?

(Signed)

"BRIGHAM YOUNG."

"My boy,' involuntarily gasps Aunt Annie.

"Uncle Milo's mouth twitches curiously as he looks over his 'specs.'

"The general breathless surprise thi

bombshell causes, produces a momentary effect on even Aunt Judith's hearty appetite.

"'Well,' she ejaculates at last, 'I guess Milo will see the time 'fore long when he won't turn up his nose at my soup.

"That sets everybody talking, everybody but Milo, jr., who reddens and pales in turn with the excitement within him. His first thought was, 'my poor little mother,' the next 'and Del.' Yes, 'and Del,' I should say so! The call admits of no doubts, not even of a vestige of hesitation; on the contrary, action must begin at once.

"'Well, father,' says practical Eric, 'it will shorten us up a bit, but everything is in such good shape, and I can manage the work alone.'

"Then Aunt Judith, seeing with keen eyes the piteous, pleading look on the poor little mother's face, wisely commences a vigorous onslaught into Milo's wardrobe, and there ensues a confused mixture of cross talk about pants and lucern, socks and colts, in which everybody asks and answers questions, with a delightful disregard of any sort of manners.

"That so-called French soup was never half eaten; and Aunt Annie's deep rhubarb pudding browned itself into a hard toast, the rich juice inside sputtering with expostulation until it was gradually drank up by the oven heat and the undercrust, for nobody ate a bit more of that dinner you may be sure.

"At last they all get up, and the boys go off to finish the day's work. Milo, jr., coming back a moment and stopping his father on the vine-shaded porch, asking him what he thought about tomorrow, it being May Day.

"Uncle Milo stood a moment leaning on his cane, considering.

"'Well, Milo, I guess we'd better go. The mother and Aunt Judith are prepared with their cookery, and it'll be the last time you'll have the chance to see all your friends together for a long time, so we'll go.'

"Milo turned to go down to the barn with his head so full of May frolic and Del, and how pa and the boys would manage without his help, and the five acre piece of lucern

which must be cut before he could get ready, and trying to realize that he, Milo, jr., had been called on a mission to 'preach the gospel,' always the greatest event of a young man's life, that the boys had to speak to him two or three times before they could get any kind of a reply.

"The next morning, long before the birds were up, Milo was out, hitching up and driving round to get spring seats for four couples.

"Uncle Milo, Aunts Judith and Annie were to go in the buggy, with the 'commodore' to drive them.

"Behold us in the cool, breezy, twittering, bewildering time between daylight and sunrise, rattling with a great deal of jest and laughter through town to 'Horner's Grove' to celebrate May Day. As this is the place where Del makes her appearance, I think I'll stop long enough to describe her. It is also the place where my *debut* is made, but as I'm not much of a person, while Del is the heroine of this 'our true tale,' we'll dismiss me, Claire Farnsworth, with the remark that I was then sixteen years old, and go on with the heroine.

"Del was eighteen, petite, rather plump, neat and dainty, slow and precise in everything except in her speech, which was fairly startling, so rapidly did she enunciate her words. However, that was everything fast about Del. Her face just escaped being a perfect oval, through the lines of the lower part of the face squaring into a firm little chin that emphasized a rather large, straight, not very pretty, mouth. But the forehead was a pure Madonna one, and the brown eyes beneath, and smooth glossy bands of black hair banded in true Madonna fashion, seemed to possess a deal of attraction for the youth of Zion; her complexion was perfect, nothing short of perfect; a small feminine nose completed a face justly styled 'very pretty' by friends and lovers.

"Del sits calmly on the front seat with Milo, his fiercest rival and best friend, Mathew Clark, with Janie Thompson on the seat behind them; Del's profile often turned our way as she answers, with impartial in-

difference, Mathew's poor attempts at raillery, while Eric and Nan Blakely, Tom Benson and myself occupy the two back seats.

"As we rattle and bang along we are reinforced by numerous other vehicles, all coming in the same direction. Out through the pass, through sand and sand, which sometimes contains clay enough to make a crust sufficiently hard to trot our horses a short distance. And all of us watch our front couple with the curious feeling that an episode of importance is changing the current of their young lives. As for Mathew, as usual he has no eyes, and little ears for anyone but Del.

"Chatter, chatter, jest and jump, and here comes Harry Dean with his wagon load and 'two span;' Milo looks back and sees Harry is trying to get past him.

"Now Harry, rough, jolly, breezy Harry, is another of Milo's rivals, and in this race, as in everything else, Milo never allows himself to be beaten if he can help it. So on we fly.

"The country is all open before us, and ditches, hills, hollows and sand flit away under our panting horses. As the heavy sand is reached Milo looks back and slackens rein triumphant.

"Then straight to the mountain, up a narrow gorge, where a long grove of cottonwood trees, running up and down the spring or creek, give us shelter from the blazing, boiling sun.

"Everybody jumps out and runs everywhere and nowhere in particular, greetings with other comers are exchanged, places for the disposal of rugs and cushions are selected under the trees, and things go on much as at every other picnic.

"Del is attended by one or the other of her admirers always, but our manners and society being too primitive to form a circle of admiring swains about her, she does not hold a miniature court, *a la* ten cent novels.

"The morning is spent in rambles over the rocks, and swinging. At noon our one long table is spread up and down the grove, and we proceed to discuss that prosaic affair.

"Bishop Beeman, Del's father, who is also own brother to Aunt Judith, occupies the head of the table, and we young folks are clustered at the foot.

"I see Aunt Judith through a vista of faces, and around her and on her plate are piled the daintiest of the dainties, while she coolly and ruthlessly goes on, regardless of other's rights, to chicken wing or strawberries.

"Dinner over, little groups are formed and I pass around the table and overhear the Bishop remark in his slow, precise way to his sister Judith: 'Well, Judith, my son Moses has married Esther Reynolds. I do hope,' a pause of contemplation, 'that Esther will make him a good wife.'

"'Oh,' says Aunt Judith in her quick, jerky way, 'that isn't what worries me; it's whether Moses will make Esther a good husband.'

"'Routed! I laugh to myself. Just then I catch sight of Del accompanied by Mathew, and with a basket in her hand as though off to the spring for cresses; leaning against a tree is Milo, with almost an angry look on his face.

"I am almost angry myself with Mathew, and hastily getting a crowd of young folks together, I appropriate Mathew boldly to assist in a game of 'copenhagen.'

"Del goes on, and I soon have the satisfaction of seeing Milo disappear around the big rock in pursuit also of cresses.

"Del strolls quietly along, betraying no sign of emotion when Milo reaches her side.

"'I followed you, Del.'

"'Yes,' she answers in her laconic way.

"'What are they doing at camp?' she finally asks after a silence.

"'Getting up games, I believe.'

"They reached the spring, and Del fills her basket with the fresh green cresses and sits down under the shade of the overhanging rock.

"'Del,' says the lad, his breath caught into half-breaths with emotion, 'did they tell you I was called on a mission?'

"'Yes, I heard it from father.'

“Well, Del, of course you know what that means. Three years away from home.’

“Del has taken a bit of cress and is nibbling at it.

“‘It has upset me some. You know Del I expected to be ready, so that we might be married in the spring. I have been setting out my lot to trees and vines, and I wanted to build a little place this winter, with pa’s help as to some of the means, and then, Del, well dear, we could have married and made a start. I haven’t told you much of all this, for you are reserved even with me. But you know it, oh you must have known it.’

“Del answered in her quick tones, ‘Of course, Milo; but this makes a great change every way. I am pleased though, for it is an honor for a young man to be called on a mission.’ True little Saint! For she would cheer her lover from her own sore heart.

“‘Yes, I feel proud of the call; but oh I can’t help dreading the separation from mother and you.’

“Then Del leads the talk to the time for his departure, and the details of his journey such as he knows. ‘Shall we go back?’ she asks at last.

“‘Oh Del, not now. I want to say one thing to you. Will you try and understand me as I mean, for it is a hard thing for a fellow to say to his sweetheart. You have surely heard that the Church discountenances an Elder leaving an engaged sweetheart behind him. His whole time and heart must be devoted to his labors in the ministry. A man should either marry his betrothed or free her.’

“Del nibbles her cress and says nothing.

“‘I didn’t sleep much last night, dear, for you know it’s never the fellow, nominally free though he may be, who goes on a mission and forgets the girl; for her face is always and ever before him among strangers in a strange land, meeting as he does with scorn, contumely, repulse and every bodily discomfort that a man can endure. It’s the girl who stays at home, surrounded by peace and warmth and love, who lets his face fade and

fade—and sometimes—*sometimes* Del,’ his arm is around her shoulders, and her hand is in his own nervous grasp, ‘girls take the freedom given them so generously, and he comes home to find the dear face which has looked out from every hedge, and up from every glassy pool, that has been his last waking image and first arousing thought, enshrined in another’s heart and home.’

“‘And you think, perhaps, Milo, I am one of those girls, and so you talk this way to me?’

“‘Oh no, Del, no,’ sorry she has guessed his vague, sad doubts, ‘but I know you’ve lots of chances, and of course you’ll be free when I am gone and—well my dear, God only knows how I pray for you to be kept safe and free from every pain, and true to me until I return and claim you again.’

“Now Del’s tears are running over her face, and she is obliged to give up her cress, for her throat seems swollen and aches with grief.

“Milo takes his sweetheart’s two hands and kisses her in a sad, quiet fashion, for neither is romantic enough to make a passionate outburst, but Milo’s young heart will never know a deeper pang than when he gives her that kiss, a kiss of solemn renunciation.

“Then they return to us and find everybody preparing to listen to Aunt Judith recite.

“I wish I could paint the scene, and the simple, honest happy people who were grouped about in various lounging attitudes; the sun glancing in rifts and crevices between the young, tender green of the trees, the red sandy carpet and the tiny crocussed stream running down through the grove, Aunt Judith standing, heavily and composedly, in the center of the circle, her mouth with its peculiar mumbling movement when she is thinking deeply, her head tossed slightly up and to one side, her hands with odd, nervous gestures in and around her voluminous skirts. Her voice soft, musical and with a most fascinating intonation, commences:

“‘I built me a house in the summer,’ and the sunbeams play about her face and form as

she goes on and on. Her sweeping gestures, which involve her whole large, but not ungraceful body, are unstudied, natural, but expressive; and a breathless silence is her applause as she closes the fanciful lines.

"Milo and Del are sitting quietly listening, but I see that her eyes are red, and his shine like two jets of flame. ↵

"Games in which young and old alike join, songs and hymns by the whole company pass away the afternoon, and finally we all gather up bundles, shawls and baskets and leave the grove just as the long summer sun blushes his farewell behind the huge sandstone hill on our left.

"The time slips away, and we don't see much of Milo for he is very busy. Del and I are intimate companions, so if anyone knows her feelings it is I. She seems very much the same as ever, and passionately willful. I wonder if she feels her lover's departure so much that she is half stunned, or if she is only an iceberg after all.

"The night before his departure, a lovely, cool, but pleasant New Year's eve, we all gather, by common consent, and go down in a crowd to Uncle Milo's.

"Well Del,' I say as we walk along together, 'you'll soon be a lone maiden without a lover, although goodness knows you've admirers enough.'

"I wish I didn't have them,' she answers, 'for they're a bother. One or the other is always offended, and they don't allow me a bit of quiet when we're all out in a crowd.'

"You don't seem to feel as badly as I should I believe, if my sweetheart was going on a mission for three years.'

"What ought I to do? Have hysterics or cry all the time? I don't know that one's feelings are deeper than another's even if some do show it more.'

"I am quiet, but unconvinced. For although too young to reason much, I am old enough to feel. We find Uncle Milo and the folks on the porch, for the weather here is never cold even in winter. Aunt Judith out in the moonlight wrapped in a light shawl,

the moon giving a faint, sweet light, for it is in its first quarter. She and Uncle Milo are discussing the coming great event in the astronomical world, the perahelia of the four planets. As soon as we all come in Aunt Judith appropriates our ears, and begins her favorite theme of 'star talk.'

"Milo, who has been raised on astronomy and fed on the planetary system, comes up to Del and me and talks in gentle whispers to Del, and I am impatient at Aunt Judith's enthusiasm until it dawns upon me that it is her wise, odd ways to cover up the grief and absorption of the two sore young hearts at my side.

"Did you ever read Venus and Adonis?' she asks in her abrupt fashion, addressing Mathew who is watching Milo and Del with gloomy eyes, thus forcing Mathew to look at and listen to her.

"Yes; no,' he answers vaguely and confusedly.

"You haven't? Well you should, its awful fine,' a half-smiling pause of reflection—repeating slowly, 'awful fine. Adonis is killed by a boar and Venus mourns his death,' and her soft, rich voice repeats the sad plaint of the love-sick goddess.

"You know,' she addresses Mathew still, 'the ancient Grecians named their stars for their gods, or their gods for their stars. I have often thought,' she says to Milo, 'the ancients were great astronomers, and that the whole fabric of their mythology might be made to cover the astronomical heavens with a veil.'

"It might, Judith, but it is to be hoped the stars are not so immoral as their gods, else they must have frisky times in yonder spheres.'

"Oh pa, why will you joke?'

"She turns impatiently to us and begins a moving panorama of the planets and the sun, putting Mathew Clark in the center as the sun, while she moves round him as Venus, a favorite illustration of hers.

"Now you are the sun and I am Venus,'

as she revolves fantastically and slowly around him.

“‘Oh but,’ says Uncle Milo, ‘if you are Venus, I ought to be the sun, Judith.’”

“At this Aunt Judith hastily retreats with a sort of snort of disgust amid the general laughter, for Uncle Milo’s dry, quizzical way is the only thing known which will route Aunt Judith.

“After, some one, Nan Blakely I believe, sings a song in which we all assist in the chorus.

“Aunt Annie brings out to us the little old-fashioned housewife she has prepared for her darling boy, and I can’t help the yearning pain at my heart as I finger over the tiny balls of darning yarn, and the various kinds of buttons, and I picture the unused, awkward hands sewing on buttons, making quite as many holes in the boyish fingers with the sharp needle as he does in the forlorn pants.

“After much talk and some sorry attempts at jests, for we are all sad with the coming parting, we arise to go.

“We gather round Milo to shake hands and say our good-byes; and I notice the girls are all crying, while my own heart aches with a stupid, heavy pain as I say good-by, and Milo whispers:

“‘Good-by Claire, dear friend and sister, come often and see mother, won’t you?’”

“I promise, and we go away leaving Milo preparing to take Del home for the last time.

“And he was gone! The long summer days passed away just as they always did and do; Del was, outwardly, just the same Del.

“Del’s lovers had been her boyish admirers, and, ever since I could remember, all except Milo had been her champions and each other’s rivals. Milo had devoted himself to his study in the winter and during his evenings, his summers being spent with his father at work at first, and afterwards assisted by his brothers, he did pretty much all of the hard farm labor without his father’s assistance. He had suddenly developed an affection for Del about two years previous, and addressing all his accustomed energy and quiet persever-

ance to the task of winning her, he had boldly stepped in and carried her off from her long-time admirers without any let or hindrance. I have often wondered that he succeeded so well; for Mathew Clark was grown to be a fascinating man, and possessed a nature quite as earnest as Milo’s, while it was more passionate and impulsive. He was secretive, however, and variable in his moods; and Del Beman had been to him almost a second religion. If Milo loved her, and Harry and Sam admired her eagerly, he adored her. When she was near he saw no one else, heard no other voice. He was rather an indolent lad, and only loved to go off with his gun, and dog, and book, returning from a long day’s often useless hunt, meeting Milo on his return from the fields with his load of hay. He cared nothing for work.

“Now, we are a community of workers, and shiftlessness was abhorred with true Yankee zeal. So although attractive and intelligent, no one blamed Del for choosing Milo who was quite as fine-looking and intelligent, and was, besides, a youth who gave every evidence of being as successful a business man as his father.

“‘Del,’ I said to her one day when we were getting ready to go over to Aunt Annie’s to cheer her up a bit, ‘Do you know it’s three months since Milo went away?’”

“‘Of course I do,’ she replies, ‘what a quiet summer we’ve had.’”

“‘Yes,’ I say, ‘and now, as if our crowd were not broken up enough already, I heard this morning that Mathew Clark is going on a mission to New Mexico to the Indians in that territory. Only for six months though, I believe. But that’s all winter. Harry Dean and his sister are going to Salt Lake to attend the University. Tom, you know, has gone out east to locate a ranch for his father’s cattle. Goodness what a dull winter to look forward to.’”

“‘Oh well, Claire, there’s plenty of work to do. We needn’t get very lonesome when we can work. Besides Miss Allright is coming down from the city to establish a high

school here. Won't that be good? Harry and Mathew were both up to our house last night, but they didn't bother me much, thank goodness, for they both seemed interested in Hattie.'

"By the way, wouldn't it be odd if Mathew were to transfer his life attachment from you to Hattie? And they'd make a good match too. I think Hattie quite as pretty as you, my dear.'

"Oh yes, Hattie's prettier. And I should think it would be a very good idea. But, Claire—well you know,' and a pause that is the only indication of an emotion within comes into her rapid words, 'Mathew is fascinating. I have sometimes thought he would be almost perfect if only he were a little different.'

"Why, Del, what do you talk that way for. You surely love Milo, don't you?'

"Of course I do, silly. Mother and father think so much of Milo, and he is going to make a splendid provider. I've always thought a girl ought to be particular to whom she gives her life. For her own comfort and the care and welfare of all her children depend upon her choice.'

"You talk like a woman of forty. What an odd, old-fashioned girl you are Del.'

"If its old-fashioned to love your parents, and want to please them, and to look before you leap into marriage, I guess I must be old-fashioned. Why Claire, I love my father, and have that much confidence in him that if he were to choose me a husband and tell me he had done so, I should not hesitate one moment. For I know he's the wisest and best man on earth. As for the love, I haven't much faith in all the nonsense we read in novels and stories. I am sure I could love any good man I chose to.'

"I stand aghast at such consummate philosophical reflections, for the throbbing, aching heart within me tells me I am not made in the same sedate mold as my friend.

"I don't think I could,' I assert, 'for I believe love is very apt to choose a course of its own, independent of fathers or the needs of one's future posterity. Still a girl can

exercise common sense and overcome, perhaps, a misplaced affection much easier indeed than she can love a man to order.'

"We can say no more for we are at Uncle Milo's gate, and once in the cool, darkened sitting room, we are glad to sit down and eat the great dishfull of Isabella grapes which Aunt Annie sets before us.

"Aunt Annie has had five children, but dear Aunt Judith never had one. She has adopted all Aunt Annie's, however, into her heart, and one must needs listen closely to hear the title mother from the children's lips in order to tell which is mother and which is 'aunt.'

"I'm so glad you've come in girls, for we got a letter yesterday from our Milo, and you shall hear it.' And the little mother drew it from its hiding place in her bosom, where it lies crumpled and warm until another comes to take its place.

"Aunt Judith reads us the tender home missive, and we hear of the lonely feet trudging, sometimes heavily often happily, from place to place, from house to house, bearing the tidings precious to those earnest souls, to everyone to whom he can or may.

"Del cannot refrain from weeping at the sad, touching picture of her lover lad out and away among strangers, brave and true through every trial.

"Aunt Judith begins to talk then, for her 'mission' has always been to train the young minds about her in a love of all the good and beautiful in nature and in books. Her talk drifts from the Bible, to which she is a sort of concordance, her touch bringing out the quaint old words into a loving, breathing panorama of human beings who were filled with love and life even as we are, to the news of the day. She loves Homer, Shakespeare and Tom Hood, odd combination, and her poetical stores and illustrations are all drawn from these three. Astronomy has been her delight for forty years, and she is also passionately fond of history. Novels or tales she is not partial to, although Henry Fielding and Lawrence Sterne with old Sam Johnson have

whiled away many of the hours when her ill-health has kept her in bed.

"Just now she is quoting Tristram Shandy :

" 'Did you say he was a soldier, Tim ?' "

" 'Yes, your honor.' "

" 'Tim, take a half dozen port to him with my compliments,' says Uncle Toby.

"After a pause my uncle asks, 'did you say he was very ill, Tim ?' "

" 'Yes, your honor,' responds the corporal.

" 'Tim, Tim, I will go to him myself.' "

"And so on and on; I sit in the dark, cool, pleasant room and listen to her talk, and think over Del's words and Milo's letter till I am quite at a loss for words, when Aunt Judith pounces down on me with her sudden questions.

"The days melt into October, and the months flit by. We hear of all our friends who are absent.

"Rumors of the energy that has seemed to be inspired into Mathew in his labors among the Indians come to us at times. He returns to us in seven months, and I can see a very marked change in him. The boyish lad is an earnest man, with his almost indolent, dreamy way exchanged for a quick, firm step, and prompt habits.

"Every act seems to proclaim that a settled purpose has taken root in his powerful but hitherto dormant nature, and although all see the change, none seem to speculate as to its cause, but myself.

"And I must admit I am mystified. When he once more joins in our society, he seems as devoted to Hattie as he has ever been to Del. Parties, our little theatres, amusements of all kinds, find Mathew and Hattie quite inseparable.

"I have sometimes watched him though, and I fail to notice the longing, wistful following of Hattie with his dark eyes, that used to mark his every moment in Del's company.

"However we gather enough of our old crowd together to make a merry spring.

"Del goes about, almost always with Tom and me. But occasionally she accompanies Mathew and Hattie.

"She completely ignores Harry and Sam, and I wonder why, for they would either one be only too glad to take her about. But I honestly retract all my former doubts and conclude Del is a model sweetheart, and rejoice that Milo stands every prospect of obtaining his heart's desire. You see I'm generally doubtful of the constancy of that class of perfect philosophically-minded, well-regulated persons, for their interests are apt to change quite as readily as other people's affections.

"In the late summer Mathew is again called to Arizona and New Mexico, to carry on the noble work which he has assisted so ably in establishing. We hate to have him go, but after all we are proud of him, and of course he goes.

"Winter and spring drift away, and Milo has been gone two years.

"Del don't speak of his letters or him half as often as she did, though I believe there is still a regular monthly correspondence.

"Mathew is expected home in August.

"One night, Del has come over to spend the night with me, and she turns our talk to Milo.

" 'Claire, I suppose you would think I was a cold, heartless girl if I told you I had ceased writing to Milo.' "

" 'I suppose I should,' I answered hotly.

" 'Well you may reserve your wrath. These two long years have taught me I don't think so much of Milo as I thought I did. He asked me if ever this should come to be the case to tell him frankly. And I have had the common sense to do so. Your high flown notions might urge me to remain true to him even if I was untrue to myself.' "

"This revelation so upsets me I am silent. Del has used my own impulsive arguments, and so mixed them up with her dreadful common sense, that I can't quite separate the reason from the sophistry to suit me.

" 'But' calmly goes on Del's rapid voice in the darkness, for we have retired, 'Milo is such a sensible, well-behaved fellow that he'll

get over this nonsense, and forget he ever cared for me at all.'

"A vision of a grey-eyed, brave-hearted man lying in some dingy hut, and reading the cold sensible lines of my friend, come past my eyes and blur them with heavy tears.

"'After all,' she goes on, 'I always thought Milo liked me chiefly because he always wanted something others wanted too, and liked to have his own way. I may not be very romantic, Claire, but I'm a pretty good judge of other's feelings.'

"My quick tongue is palsied by this calm dissertation, and the field is all her own for that night, at least, and much as I argued afterwards, it was all words thrown away.

"It is New Year's eve again two years from the time Milo went away and Del and her sister sat knitting in the largest dining-room in Del's home. Her mother was reading to them as they knit, it being the custom for one to read in the evenings while the others worked. Bishop Beeman was at his meeting, and Mrs. Beeman had made arrangements for a long comfortable evening to themselves. She hoped none of the boys would come in and disturb them, for her girls were popular and she knew it.

"I don't think the girls felt quite as she did. At least, Del was extra silent, and very nervous and fidgety.

"The girls both knew it was the second night of Mathew's return, and they both wondered if he would be down tonight.

"Their speculations are cut short, and their mother's reading interrupted by a ring at the hall-door bell. Hattie ushers in Mathew Clark.

"After the usual salutations Mrs. Beeman remarks: 'Why Mathew, how you've changed. I am surprised. It has improved you, being out in the Indian country.'

"'Do you think so?' and he shakes hands with her as he gives his hat to Del.

"An hour goes by in desultory conversation. Mathew, the old hungry, pained look in his eyes grown into a dusty gleam, watches the girl, who knits away so steadily, every

thing about her seeming to his eyes to emphasize the cool, neutral atmosphere that has always surrounded her, the shaded lamp, the faded rag carpet, the grey dress, and the lack of any color in the face or clothing. No matter what his thoughts are. They are so painful, he at last gets up and says he will be going.

"After he is gone, Del is strangely restless; at last she gets up and laying aside her work, goes out on the porch for a drink of water.

"The night is very dark, but full of starry fascination, and the gate is but a few feet away. She strolls out and leans on the low pickets, watching the dark blue, star-clustered sky above her.

"The sandy side walk gives back no sound, until she hears a footstep close at her side.

"'Is it you Del?' asks a voice, Mathew's.

"'Yes.'

"'I have been down to the post office.' Then a long pause.

"'Del,' he says at last, 'I think I shall have to give this struggle up.' And she can feel the throbbing of his strong frame, as he stands just on the other side of the gate.

Another pause; then——

"'This sort of thing has continued long enough. From my boyhood you know how it has been with me, and I've never had anything from you but common civility. And of course—Milo—' he paused a moment to make his speech just to his friend. 'Milo deliberately cut us all out. He is a noble man though, and worthy even of you, Del.'

"'Yes, but,' says Del unsteadily, 'I shall never marry Milo. I don't want him.'

"'What?' the eager hands have torn open the gate and he stands over her, his breath on her hair, 'what was that you say, Del? Oh, be careful, Del, for you see how little I can bear just now.'

"'Say what again,' and the little coward puts all her effort into her voice to steady it, although she allows her shining eyes to meet his own down-bent orbs, 'Well then, I shall never marry Milo Allred.' She feels two

hot, shaking, but stern hands on her soft cool cheeks, and he holds her face close to his own.

“ ‘Del, do you mean it?’ Do you mean what you seem to imply? Oh, Del, will you marry—me?’ Her strange humility and the look in her brown eyes give him a sudden boldness; his arms are around her and his voice is murmuring in her ear.

“ ‘My sweetheart, through all my life. Oh, Del I have loved you so long.’

Her face is crushed against his rough coat, and he whispers—

“ ‘Del, my Del at last! Kiss me!’

“ ‘Some way that long silent pressure of his warm eager lips, has seemed to Del like a strange awakening; and she has an odd feeling about her heart as if a frozen lake had had its thin crust broken, and up through the ice were gurgling and bubbling warm life springs.

“ ‘She puts up her hand shyly, and lays her arm around the brown neck, thrilling at the contact with the dark brown locks that form a half curl around his ear. She tells her heart that this is love, and oh love is very sweet and precious!

* * * * *

“ ‘Yes, we were all immeasurably surprised, and I was disgusted. I often went to see Aunt Annie, for Del’s engagement was a sore trial to her. She told me of her boy’s grief, but also of his honorable release of Del from all duplicity in the matter.

“ ‘Pa wrote to him, the other day, such a beautiful letter, my dear, so full of cheer and comfort. And he told him to be of good heart, for he felt the Lord had a better companion in store for him. Although I’m sure, dear, I can scarcely see how any one could be a better girl than Del.’

“ ‘Better companion to him,’ I gently suggest.

“ ‘Well, we must submit to the over-ruling hand of Providence. And if the Lord can only provide a better companion than Del for my boy, I’m sure I ought to be satisfied.

“ ‘Only four months from this and Mathew and Del take the solemn vows that bind them

for time and all eternity. Bonds that nothing but gross sin or crime on the part of either can unloose on earth or in heaven.

“ ‘I might add the story of Milo’s return the very next New Year’s day, and of his warm hearty welcome by young and old, and how the ‘brass band’ went out with a company of us young folks to meet and escort our companion home, who had filled so long and so honorable a mission; and tell how a night or two after his return he was sought by Mathew, who told him how it had come about, that he had proposed to and married Del. And how he sought to make everything right and honorable with his friend, adding in almost the same words Uncle Milo had used, that he hoped and believed that God would give him as good and perhaps a more suitable companion. To all of which, Milo answered in his own true, manly fashion, and the two parted better, firmer friends than ever before.

“ ‘Then I might go on and tell how, some time after, he wooed and won a girl, and tell of his own willing acknowledgment that his father’s prophecy and his friend’s wish were realized.

“ ‘I say I might do all this, but as I am the girl who became the proud and happy Mrs. Milo, jr., I think perhaps the least said about that the better. How well I remember the next New Year’s night for we are at Uncle Milo’s spending the evening, and Aunt Judith has been instructing me as to the clothing and vesture of infants, on which subjects she also considers herself an authority.

“ ‘A cotton gown and shirt are all that’s needed, my dear, if you want them healthy.’

“ ‘Her simple toilette, is evidently modeled after her own plan, for she abhors trimmings and extras. She drops from her high reform notions, however, when she touches upon the feeding principle and goes away back to the dark ages, when she says:

“ ‘Always keep a little sugar tied up in a rag for a baby, for babies are always hungry. Plenty of cream for the babies, never let them get hungry.’

“‘Again I think how admirably dear Aunt Judith’s theories comport with her practices.’

“‘Yes,’ says Uncle Milo, who has been chatting with Aunt Annie and the boys while we, Aunt Judith and I, are over in one corner. ‘That was the first time we ever heard the doctrine of polygamy. Joseph preached it long and strong that afternoon, he and Aunt Judith were old, old-time Mormons from Joseph Smith’s day,’ and when we went home, we lay far into the night talking over the strange startling doctrine. At last Judith sat up in bed in her excited fashion, and said, ‘Milo, after all don’t you believe the doctrine is from the devil.’ ‘Oh no,’ I says ‘Judith, oh no,’ the quizzical smile on the lips and in the eyes deepening almost to a laugh, ‘Judith,’ says I, ‘nothing so good ever comes from the devil.’

“‘Then we all join in the chorus of laughter at the comical recollection of how Aunt Judith must have collapsed.

“‘After Uncle Milo turns his fire of badinage on me, and the boys second him in the use of Del’s name, and Milo’s past experience to quiz me most unmercifully.

“‘We are just preparing to leave and I stand in the open door long enough to triumphantly say, ‘Well Uncle Milo, you remember your prophecy that the Lord had a better companion in store for Milo.’

“‘Yes, and do you know,’ he flings after my retreating figure, ‘I never made a prophecy in my life that has tried my faith as much as that one has.’

“‘At home, I ask Milo, a little tearfully,

“‘Are you satisfied, Milo?’

“‘My darling! she was only my sweetheart. You are my wife.’

“‘Oh, oh, oh,’ chorused all the girls; ‘that is pa’s love story, not yours,’ half-pouting.

“‘So it is dearies,’ adds father who came in just as Walter was closing.

“‘Well, well,’ says mother,’ then I’ll make you a promise tonight. If you will

agree to be here one year from tonight, I will tell you my own proper love story.”

“Agreed,” cried the children.

Homsepun.

THE BIBLE AND INFIDELITY.

O, SACRED volume, fraught with love and truth,
Unerring guide to all, in age or youth,
Stamped with the seal of an Almighty Hand,
Thy name is known, for good, in every land.
And well it may, for, from thy pages bright,
A wondrous vision bursts upon our sight.

We see a loving God create a world
And Satan, with his legions, downward hurled,
Our parents meet in Eden’s garden fair
And joy and dread possess the honored pair.
We see them taste the bitter and the sweet,
That heaven’s plan to save might be complete;
We see them from the garden sadly driven
And death, sin’s penalty, to mortals given.

Before creation’s dawn a Lamb is slain,
That man might be redeemed and life regain.
We see Him come and suffer, as decreed,
And man from sin and death’s grim clutches freed.
O, blessed book, to tell such loving grace,

Such holy means to raise a fallen race;
Giving us hope that yet we may ascend
To heights where bliss and being never end.
No wonder that thy praise is proudly sung
In ev’ry clime by ev’ry race and tongue.

Cold unbelief has struggled long to find,
In regions dark, some potent force to blind
The living truth within thy sacred store
And quench the Christian’s hope for evermore—
To hew thy posts of shelter dear and old
And leave us numb and shriv’ring in the cold.
But truth, like gold, when rubbed the brighter grows,
Like steel gains toughness from the hammer’s blows.
Thy battlements of strength, divinely given,
By error may be sieged, but never riven.

The icy breath of skeptics some may chill
And vacant minds with gloom and trouble fill,
But to the trustful soul and honest heart
Their barren thoughts but greater strength impart.
Reason and sense declare aloud to man
That all is working to some perfect plan,
Designed by some grand Master power.

But can it be that skeptics are sincere
In what they boldly, calously declare,
That all we see has come by luck or chance,
Is held in check or bidden to advance
By forces hidden, as the works encased
Of watch, by master artist snugly placed,
To act and move, untouched, unswerving, till
They may, perchance, some happy ends fulfil;

That man is but a myth and life a dream,
 And Christian hope a bubble on the stream?
 Now, let us question, "Can the skeptic tell
 The cause that rules the universe so well?"
 Suppose he state it in dame Nature's name,
 The source of moving power is still the same,
 Only in this, that Nature's perfect plan
 God's wisdom had conceived ere time began.

No cause uncaused our reason can conceive;
 Who sees design Designer must believe.
 The stone untouched will motionless remain;
 Faith needeth works, or it will be in vain.
 Weary life's burdens, dark our chequered road
 Did all ignore a future and a God!
 The world's heart an icicle would grow
 And earth be swept with carnage, death and woe.

Again we ask, "How can the doubter deal
 With holy men, and what their lives reveal?"
 They tell us how they walked and talked with God
 And felt the glory that His presence showed.

If reason grant that evidence prevail
 Blind unbelief no longer need assail;
 Nature and Scripture and all truth declare
 That God, in might, is present everywhere.

But pause, the critic says, and let us see,
 Science and Scripture largely disagree;
 Science, that men have studied hard and long,
 Has proven Bible history clearly wrong.

To this we answer, Science, taught by man,
 Although it cannot grasp, or fully scan
 The sacred truths the Scriptures have revealed—
 Which of the two the point had better yield?
 Shall men of reason hold that science true
 Will clash with revelation, old and new?
 No! Science will, when rightly understood,
 Applaud the Holy Book as grand and good.

O skeptic vain, renounce thy base, lost cause
 And scorn the mocking multitude's applause!
 Go, search for truths in pastures fresh and green,
 Where doubt and darkness never enter in;
 Study thyself, and thou shalt clearly see
 That life and health are gifts of God to thee,
 That thy intelligence, now put to waste,
 Was in thee for a nobler purpose placed
 Than Christian hope and virtue to destroy
 And rob a weaker brother's breast of joy.

The fool says in his heart, There is no God!
 And groans beneath life's weary, heavy bond.
 The Christian says, My God, I look to Thee!
 And bears life's burdens meekly—patiently;
 The Bible is his joy and constant guide,
 His faith and trust, whatever may betide.
 With light to guide his judgment and his sense
 The world grows warmer for his influence.

J. C.

To look forward profitably we must look
 back.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

TUNE, "The Brave Old Oak."

I'll sing of the man whom the Saints all revere,
 Who has gone to a higher sphere;
 Our noble leader Brigham Young
 Whose memory to us is dear,
 Who, while on earth held mighty sway,
 And never was known to cower;
 Who faced the world in its dread array
 With a soul of mighty power.

CHORUS:

Then we'll sing of our leader, Brigham Young,
 The man whose course was straight;
 Who ever stood foremost in the fight,
 And was always a man full of weight.

For forty long years the Saints he led,
 As a shepherd leads his flock;
 With God's pure word the people led,
 As steadfast as a rock.
 'Mid war's alarms, and danger's fear
 He'd do, not dare and plan;
 Cared for the people far and near,
 Unflinching led the van.

A patron of the useful arts of peace,
 And the friend of true Science, he;
 He loved to see the good increase,
 The humble poor set free.
 And toiling thousands have a home
 Among our mountain heights,
 Who come across the ocean's foam,
 And secured full manhood's rights.

The poor wild Indian shared the love
 That glowed in his large, warm heart;
 With might and main he ever strove
 To act a father's part.
 And said, "'twas nothing more than right
 In dealing with 'poor Lo';
 'Twas better far to feed than fight,
 Return a kiss for a blow."

As husband, father, brother and a friend
 We viewed him with much delight;
 And, all the time that he did spend
 Was spent in doing right.
 With a heart so warm, and a head so clear,
 He was ever calm and bright.
 In noble deeds was the pioneer,
 The champion for the right.

Then, hail to the man, the people's own man,
 In our heart-of-hearts he's enshrined;
 Directed by the gospel plan,
 To God's behests resigned.
 He never swerved from duty's call,
 Or led the flock astray.
 He stood, a pattern to us all,
 And trod the narrow way.

W.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Book of Mormon Geography.

HERE is a tendency, strongly manifested at the present time among some of the brethren, to study the geography of the Book of Mormon. We have heard of numerous lectures, illustrated by suggestive maps, being delivered on this subject during the present winter, generally under the auspices of the Improvement Societies and Sunday Schools. We are greatly pleased to notice the increasing interest taken by the Saints in this holy book. It contains the fullness of the gospel of Christ, and those who prayerfully study its sacred pages can be made wise unto salvation. It also unravels many mysteries connected with the history of the ancient world, more particularly of this western continent, mysteries which no other book explains. But valuable as is the Book of Mormon both in doctrine and history, yet it is possible to put this sacred volume to uses for which it was never intended, uses which are detrimental rather than advantageous to the cause of truth, and consequently to the work of the Lord.

We have been led to these thoughts from the fact that the brethren who lecture on the lands of the Nephites or the geography of the Book of Mormon are not united in their conclusions. No two of them, so far as we have learned, are agreed on all points, and in many cases the variations amount to tens of thousands of miles. These differences of views lead to discussion, contention and perplexity; and we believe more confusion is caused by these divergences than good is done by the truths elicited.

How is it that there is such a variety of

ideas on this subject? Simply because the Book of Mormon is not a geographical primer. It was not written to teach geographical truths. What is told us of the situation of the various lands or cities of the ancient Jaredites, Nephites and Lamanites is usually simply an incidental remark connected with the doctrinal or historical portions of the work; and almost invariably only extends to a statement of the relative position of some land or city to contiguous or surrounding places, and nowhere gives us the exact situation or boundaries so that it can be definitely located without fear of error.

It must be remembered that geography as a science, like chronology and other branches of education, was not understood nor taught after the manner or by the methods of the moderns. It could not be amongst those peoples who were not acquainted with the size and form of the earth, as was the case with most of the nations of antiquity, though not with the Nephites. Their seers and prophets appear to have received divine light on this subject,

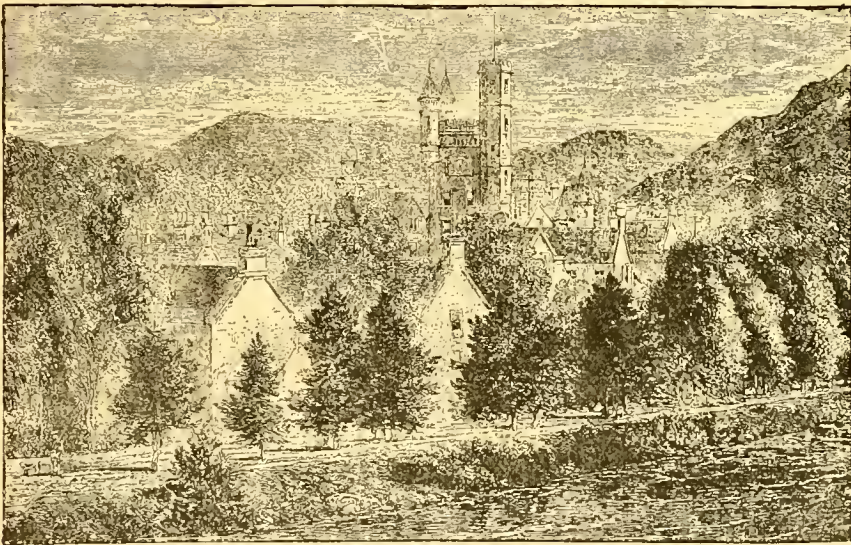
The First Presidency have often been asked to prepare some suggestive map illustrative of Nephite geography, but have never consented to do so. Nor are we acquainted with any of the Twelve Apostles who would undertake such a task. The reason is, that without further information they are not prepared even to suggest. The word of the Lord or the translation of other ancient records is required to clear up many points now so obscure that, as we have said, no two original investigators agree with regard to them. When, as is the case, one student places a certain city at the Isthmus of Panama, a second in Venezuela, and a third in Guiana or northern Brazil, it is obvious that suggestive maps prepared by these brethren would confuse instead of enlighten; and they cannot be thus far apart in this one important point without relative positions being also widely separate.

For these reasons we have strong objections to the introduction of maps and their circula-

tion among our people which profess to give the location of the Nephite cities and settlements. As we have said, they have a tendency to mislead, instead of enlighten, and they give rise to discussions which will lead to division of sentiment and be very unprofitable. We see no necessity for maps of this character, because, at least, much would be left to the imagination of those who prepare them; and we hope that there will be no attempt made to introduce them or give them general circulation. Of course, there can be no harm result from the study of the geo-

ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

VICTORIA, the present queen of the United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Ireland, and empress of India, is doubtless the most remarkable of present ruling monarchs. She was born in 1819. Her father was the Duke of Kent, but he died when she was a babe, and on her mother, therefore, devolved the labor of rearing and educating the future ruler. It was on the death of William IV., when Victoria was but eighteen years of age, that she became queen. Her first ex-



BALMORAL. THE QUEEN'S HOME IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

graphy of this continent at the time it was settled by the Nephites, drawing all the information possibly from the record which has been translated for our benefit. But beyond this we do not think it necessary, at the present time, to go, because it is plain to be seen, we think, that evils may result therefrom.

IN all that we do we have a right to consider the effect it will have upon our characters, or upon the upholding and development of our higher natures. No man is required to do what will belittle him.

clamation on hearing the announcement of her ascension to the throne from the Archbishop of Canterbury was, "I beg your grace to pray for me." Unquestionably many prayers have been uttered for Her Majesty, and it is due to divine aid that her reign has been so long and successful notwithstanding the many severe ordeals through which the nation has passed during more than half a century.

Though made a queen in 1837, Victoria was not crowned until June, 1838. Early in the morning of that day the cannon in St. James Park and at the Tower of London

were fired. At 10 o'clock the procession left Buckingham Palace, the London home of England's kings and queens, for Westminster Abbey where the sovereigns are always crowned. Eight fine cream-colored horses drew the state chariot wherein rode the queen. She was dressed in a crimson velvet robe trimmed with ermine and gold lace and eight noble young ladies carried her train as she entered the abbey on foot. Near the altar was the quaint old "Coronation Chair," in

The queen now seated herself in the Chair of Homage, and the Dukes and Peers, one by one, knelt, touched his coronet to her crown and kissed her hand.

February 10th, 1840, Victoria was married at St. James' Palace to Prince Albert, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and second son of the then reigning duke. To this most worthy couple there were born four sons and five daughters. Though a German, Prince Albert easily won by his most kind and



IN THE CORRIDOR AT BALMORAL.

which all the rulers since the time of Edward I. have been crowned, and this rested on the famous "Stone of Scone" which was brought by Edward I. from Scotland where it had been used for a long time for the place of crowning for their monarchs. As the Archbishop of Canterbury deposited the jeweled crown on the head of Victoria the assembled aristocracy placed coronets upon their own heads and shouted "God save the Queen." Then the drums beat, and the trumpets sounded and the cannons again were fired.

engaging manners the love of the English people, and his death was most deeply regretted by the whole nation, as it was by the queen whose great affection for him had been the result of many years' close association during which time she had found him one of earth's noblemen.

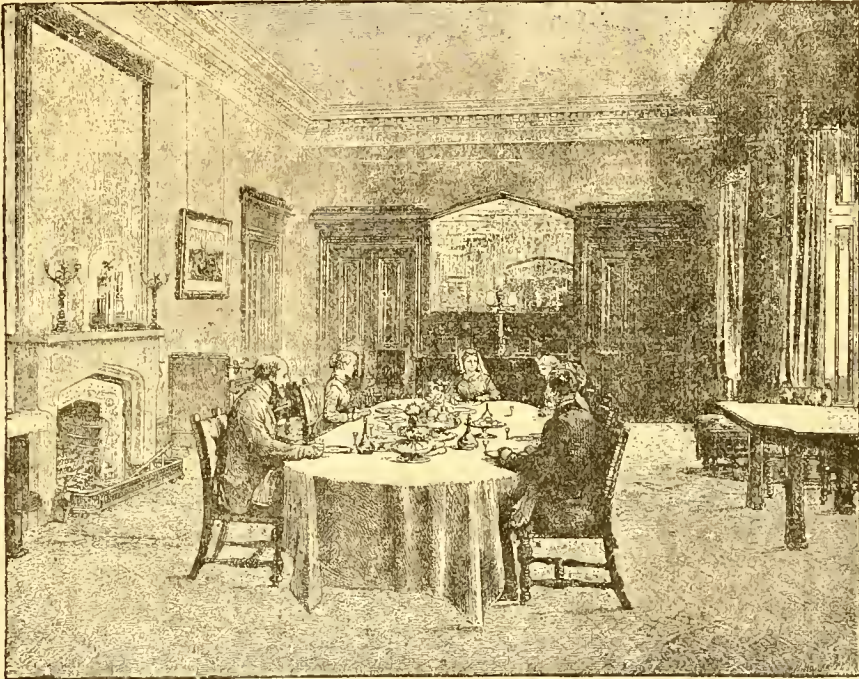
Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle are the property of the English nation and are reserved for the use of the royal family, but Albert and Victoria decided to also obtain homes of their own. Their first

investment in this direction was in the purchase of an estate in the Isle of Wight situated to the south of England in the English Channel. This possession comprises twenty-three hundred acres of ground, and the building on it is known as Osborne House.

On the third visit to Scotland of the royal pair they decided to have a home in the Scottish Highlands, and they consequently purchased Balmoral on the river Dee, in Aberdeenshire. It is beautifully located

stones built to celebrate some pleasing occurrence. It is located on the highest point of Craig Gowan. When the party had reached the place of erection the queen placed the first stone, Prince Albert the second, and then each of the children according to age added a stone. After this each of the noble lords and ladies present brought a stone and added to the heap until all was completed. This monument was reared in the year 1852.

It was at this castle that the then Crown



DINING-ROOM AT BALMORAL.

among the hills, and is a home both healthful and pleasant. This is the favorite residence of the Queen. When she is here she is awakened every morning by the playing of bag-pipes under her bed-room window by some of her Scotch subjects. A company of Highlanders is also her guard, and in the accompanying picture of the corridor two of these sturdy soldiers may be seen.

When possession was taken of Balmoral, nearly the first thing done was to build a cairn. This is a great heap or mound of

Prince of Prussia, since the Emperor of Germany, became betrothed to the Princess Royal of England. They were subsequently married in the chapel of St. James in London. The bride was greatly beloved by the English people, and when she embarked at Grovesend for her new home in Germany one Briton shouted loudly to her, "If he dosen't treat you well, come back to us."

Altogether the English royal family has been a very happy and prosperous one, but it now appears as though it was on the verge

of disruption, or, at least, of sorry times. The Prince of Wales is said to be no more a healthy, strong man, but so tainted with disease that his life can be prolonged but a few years at the most. His eldest son is also said to be a diseased weakling. Not only this, but England seems to be fast preparing herself for greater freedom under republican institutions. There is scarcely a doubt but with the death of Queen Victoria the monarchical form of government in the British Isles will cease to exist in form even as it has now almost ceased to exist in fact. *H.*

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Our Peculiarities--Loyalty of the Saints.

THE effects of the teachings of the gospel upon the Latter-day Saints will inevitably make them as distinct a people, in many respects, as the Jews themselves are. Already we see evidences of this on every hand. Those who carry out the principles of their religion in their lives possess peculiarities which are very noticeable in the world. At the present time the habit of using tobacco in some form is almost universal. The scrupulous Latter-day Saint does not use this article. When he travels, therefore, this is noticed as a peculiarity. But when to this is added the other peculiarity of a scrupulous Latter-day Saint—the non-use of tea and coffee and stimulating beverages, such as beer, wine and liquor—his conduct is very marked, and he moves among his fellows in traveling as a person different from the ordinary individual.

In morality also the Latter-day Saint is distinguished. Our merchants and other business men go east and west, but, to the surprise of many of their class with whom they do business, they do not indulge in any form of licentiousness. They are chaste and pure in their lives. A surprising thing in this age of general corruption, they esteem virtue as beyond price! Latter-day Saints consider it just as necessary for a man to be chaste and

pure and free from anything like lust, as it is for a woman to be chaste and pure.

These peculiarities, added to temperance in speech and no utterance of profanity, with a scrupulous life of honesty and of truth, ought to distinguish, and does distinguish, every true Latter-day Saint wherever he goes. These are the characteristics of the community. Wherever there is a Latter-day Saint who departs from any of these things he is considered unfaithful to his religion and not a strict observer of its precepts. It is true that some so-called Latter-day Saints may violate these principles, but they are the exceptions and are the more noticeable because they are exceptions. We have very many faults and much to mourn over because of our frailties and many weaknesses; but, nevertheless, there is in the breasts of the Latter-day Saints a desire to improve and become more perfect in their lives. There is no disposition to abandon themselves to the commission of sin; but if they are guilty of any lapses in any direction, it is a cause of genuine and heartfelt sorrow and repentance.

We may think that we are insignificant because of our numbers, but we really occupy a wonderfully influential position. We are cherishing and endeavoring to promote, to the greatest possible extent, the rarest and best virtues which can characterize human nature. The very fact that we have these high aims, to attain unto this perfection of character, is of itself a potent influence in the world. We become a city set upon a hill—a light that cannot be hid. Of course, this makes us hated of Satan and all who are under his influence. But we are, nevertheless, a power in the world. The fruits that have been brought forth by the gospel in the lives of the Latter-day Saints are such that every honest man who has the welfare of his fellow-man at heart must be pleased therewith. However much he may dislike us or some of our doctrines, he cannot withhold a feeling of respect and admiration for the qualities which we exhibit.

There is no community on the continent

today that has laid a surer foundation for credit in the business world than the Latter-day Saints in these mountains. Our probity cannot be truthfully questioned. Merchants who have done business with us in these valleys have freely borne testimony to the honesty of the people, and have declared that they have suffered incomparably less loss by debts among us than any place where they ever did business. This of itself is an excellent character to earn. Notwithstanding the many accusations which are made against us, our detractors and enemies in this city know that we possess superior virtue, and that we have a standard of morality which is beyond the reach of many people. In the struggle now going on these virtues will have their weight. No people possessing them can be easily crushed. If we are true to our principles, instead of these virtues becoming modified and lessened, they will become strengthened. Our children will inherit them in greater strength than we have done; and though there may be many departures from our principles, the bulk of the people will continue on in their career of advancement and prosperity. It is no idle assertion, therefore, to make that there is a great destiny in store for the Latter-day Saints. It requires but little argument to sustain this; the mere statement of the facts is sufficient to show that a people possessing the qualities which distinguish the true Latter-day Saints have a great future in store for them. The opposition that we have to contend with is a tribute to our superiority and a testimony that we are feared.

THE charge against us now most dwelt upon is our want of loyalty to our government. Our enemies would like to make it appear that we are traitors and that we would destroy the government if we had the power. This, like all the other falsehoods circulated against us, has been fully exposed. There is no community on the continent today that have given higher proofs of devotion to the cause of republican government and constitu-

tional freedom than have the Latter-day Saints. The flag of the Union has always been held as a sacred symbol of human rights. No doubt our enemies think we have had bad enough treatment to alienate us from our country and its institutions. But the wrongs we have endured have been the acts of men. They have abused their trust, and that which they have done has been, in our view, in complete violation of all the guarantees of freedom comprehended in the Constitution. We have had no confidence in men who deliberately trample upon every human right to strike us down. But it has never caused any feeling of disloyalty to enter the hearts of the Latter-day Saints concerning the Republic and the institutions which have grown up under its Constitution. When we were driven out into the wilderness, the stars and stripes were planted in all our settlements. We carried the flag with us to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. It was hoisted to the breeze on every occasion. Though we were compelled to leave our homes, after suffering terrible outrages, we cherished no enmity towards the government. We came to Utah weary with the persecution we had endured, we found a resting place in these mountain valleys. We thanked God for this land, because it proved a place of refuge to us. We were the pioneers of this region. We brought the printing press with us, and erected school-rooms as soon as it was possible to do so. The arts of true civilization were fostered among us, and vice and iniquity were repressed. The people were not daunted by the unforbidding aspect of this region, but they at once commenced farming operations and caused the land to yield forth of its strength for their sustenance. God blessed their labors, and by their industry and thrift they succeeded in obtaining comfortable homes and pleasant surroundings. The provisional government that was formed for the purpose of protection and to secure the rights of all, was after the pattern bequeathed by the revolutionary fathers. We desired to enjoy the rights of freemen, at the same time extending that privilege to all our

fellow citizens, without regard to their belief. This is our present feeling.

The more our history is examined, the more plain will it be that we have been grossly maligned in being accused of disloyalty. No people who believe in the principles that we do could be anything but loyal to all republican institutions.

The Editor.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 569, VOL. XXIV.]

THE party were carried to the harbor of St. Johns, and from there were brought to Washington by the U. S. steamer *Frolic*. It is the judgment of all who learned of their escape that nothing in all history has equalled the experience and perservation of the ice floe party. They had been one hundred and ninety-six days on the ice and had drifted a distance of two thousand miles. The information brought by them of the situation of the *Polaris* when last seen induced the Navy Department to take prompt measures for the rescue of her officers and crew. In the meantime these, after spending the winter on the spot where they had landed, had built boats, and in June, some six weeks after the rescue of the floe party, had set out upon a journey southward. After a dangerous experience, during which the boats had barely escaped being crushed in the ice, they had reached a point about $75^{\circ} 38'$ latitude, $65^{\circ} 35'$ longitude west, when they were electrified to hear the mate call out "ship ahoy." A steamer was distant only about ten miles, fastened to the land ice. The *Polaris'* flag was hoisted on two oars, and the bark answered the signal by running up her ensign. Men were sent off to bring them on board, when they received the news that their comrades on the ice floe had been picked up. They all arrived home in November.

The next important expedition to Arctic regions was made by Lieut. Schwatka, and had for its object the search for the records supposed to have been left by Franklin in

King William's Land. The immediate occasion of the expedition was the story formerly related by Hall, and now brought back from the Esquimaux by two American whaling masters that books and papers were to be found in a cairn in King William's Land. Sailing from New York the expedition reached Whale Point on an arm of Hudson's Bay, and there remained for the winter. In the following year, 1879, Schwatka began his famous journey of eleven months, covering a distance of three thousand two hundred and fifty miles, the longest sledge journey ever made, and conspicuous as the only one ever pursued through the entire course of an Arctic winter, this one, besides, being considered by the natives as exceptionally cold. The thermometer recorded one observation seventy-one degrees Farenheit, sixteen days whose average was one hundred below the freezing point, and twenty-seven which registered sixty below, during most of which the party traveled. The result of the expedition was important, as they established, beyond a doubt, the fact that the Franklin records had been destroyed, thus settling the question which had so long agitated the public, and closing the history of the Franklin expedition.

We come now to an expedition whose history is still fresh in the minds of the public, and whose memory is destined long to remain so on account of the extraordinary interest occasioned by the fate of those who participated, and the protracted discussion caused by the court of inquiry established for the trial of the survivors. It is that of the ill-fated *Jeannette* under Capt. De Long. Shortly after his return from a cruise made along the Greenland coast in search of Hall's party in 1873, De Long had solicited Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New York, to fit out another Arctic expedition, but was referred by him to Mr. James Gordon Bennett as the man to undertake it. Mr. Bennett received the idea with favor, and De Long at once set about making preparations for the voyage. After some hesitation as to the route by which

he should best reach the pole, it was decided to go by Behring Strait to Wrangell Sound where he should spend the winter, and from whence in the following summer he should push his way to the pole. In 1877 Professor Nordenskiöld had sailed through Behring Strait into the Arctic seas and had not since been heard from, and De Long's instructions were to the effect that he should make inquiry at such points where he deemed it likely that information could be gained concerning the fate of Nordenskiöld, and if he had good reason for thinking him safe could then proceed on his journey.

July 8th, 1879, De Long reported to the secretary of the navy that the *Jeannette* being all ready for sea, would sail at 3 p. m. of that day, and would proceed with all despatch to the island of Ounalaska, and thence to St. Michaels, Alaska, at which point it was hoped some tidings would be had of Nordenskiöld and his party.

Steaming out of the harbor of San Francisco, the *Jeannette* was escorted by the governor of San Francisco, the yachts of the San Francisco yacht club, and steam launches loaded with citizens. Every ship that was passed dipped her colors, and when opposite Fort Point its garrison saluted the *Jeannette* with twenty-one guns. Everywhere throughout the United States there was evinced the deepest interest, and the *Jeannette* started upon her voyage in the midst of a display such as no other enterprise of a like nature had occasioned. On August 3rd, the ship reached Ounalaska and thence proceeded to St. Michaels, where she had to wait for the steamer to arrive from San Francisco with coal and extra stores. After receiving these they had still to make a delay by crossing to St. Lawrence bay. Meanwhile the fine season was passing away. Hearing nothing of Nordenskiöld at the bay, and having heard that he had last been seen at Cape Serdge Kaman, De Long considered it his duty to go there, although a distance of one hundred and thirty miles. Reaching the cape he found that Nordenskiöld had wintered

there and then gone south. De Long was now at liberty to proceed upon his journey, and the *Jeannette* was headed towards the Arctic seas. It was the last time she was ever seen. When in the latter part of 1879 the north Pacific whaling fleet returned from their northward cruise, without bringing any word of the *Jeannette*, and it was further learned that two of their own boats, the *Vigilant* and *Mount Wollaston*, had not been seen later than October 10th, and then in the region where the *Jeannette* had last been seen, much anxiety began to be felt for their fate. In the spring following petitions were forwarded to Congress and to the naval authorities asking for relief expeditions in search of the *Jeannette*. In consequence the steamer *Corvin* was despatched into the Arctic seas to follow the course marked out for the *Jeannette* and, if possible, discover her and render any needed assistance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 573, VOL. XXIV.]

LEAVING a garrison at Gaza, Alexander marched to the Egyptian capital at Memphis. He sent his fleet up the river to the same place. The satrap surrounded the city and treasure without resistance. He remained here some time sacrificing to the gods, founding the city of Alexandria on the island of Pharos, and the adjoining mainland, marking out its limits with his own hand, and making it his capital. Although he never lived to see his project carried out, Alexandria, under his successors the Ptolemies, became their capital, and a great and prosperous city.

Another event, showing the peculiar religious trait in his character, was his visit to the temple of Zeus Ammon. The journey to this temple was a long and dangerous one, through a waterless desert. It is told how the gods prepared the way before him, and how he was supernaturally preserved from death,

thirst and starvation. The result of this journey was quite satisfactory to Alexander. The priest at Zeus Ammon acknowledged him as the son of the god Zeus, and predicted that his life would be one of uninterrupted victory until he was taken away to the gods. These sayings fell like soothing balm upon the turbulent spirit of Alexander. So unparalleled had been his success, and so great the homage he had received, that he had actually began to consider himself something greater than a man, and to persuade himself that he was a descendant of the gods. After splendid sacrifices and offerings at the temple of Zeus Ammon, Alexander returned to Memphis, where he found reinforcements of Greeks and Thracians. After regulating his affairs in Egypt he returned to Phœnicia, where his first step was to punish the revolting city of Samaria. He next turned his attention toward preparing for his projected tour into the interior of the Persian Empire. Having constructed bridges over the Euphrates he crossed, driving before him the small Persian force left to guard the stream. He followed after them through northern Mesopotamia until he reached the Tigris river. Finding the ford undefended he crossed over as quickly as possible, and halted on the opposite bank for rest.

Nearly two years had elapsed since the defeat of Darius at Issus, yet he had done nothing towards repairing his losses, or aiding in the defense of his kingdom. It is probable that fear of the fate of his captive family was one reason for his non-execution. However, after Alexander's rejection of his proposals and demands for complete submission, he began to take measures for the defense of that part of the empire east of the Euphrates. He gathered together a host even greater than that with him at Issus.

Alexander carried his hostages with him wherever he went, allowing them every luxury but requiring them to take part in all his forced marches. The result was that shortly after crossing the Tigris the Queen Statira died from the fatigue and toil of constant

travel. From the Tigris Alexander pushed on until the two armies met on a spacious plain about thirty miles west of Arbela, between the Tigris river and the Zagros mountains.

The hosts of Darius are said to have consisted of 1,000,000 infantry, 40,000 cavalry, forty scythed chariots and fifteen elephants. When within seven miles of the enemy's camp Alexander halted, threw up a stockade and rested four days. During the night of the fourth day he moved forward until the armies came in sight of each other, when he encamped and threw up entrenchments. On the following day he marshalled his army of only 4,700 men, small indeed as compared with the Persian hordes. He himself commanded the right wing, the left being confided to Parmenio. The battle began by Alexander moving his right flank toward the Persian left, and gradually making his way obliquely toward the post of Darius in the center. Here again, as at Issus, the battle was lost by the cowardly flight of Darius. When he saw that his scythed chariots on which he had counted so much were of so little avail; when he saw the advancing Macedonian phalanx, and heard the din of prancing steeds and clashing arms, he ordered his chariot turned around and fled panic-stricken from the field, followed by the most of his army. The Macedonians followed in hot pursuit, cutting down the retreating fugitives by thousands. Only the great clouds of dust prevented Darius from being taken by covering his retreat. The Persian loss amounted to 300,000 slain and as many more taken prisoners, with all their arms and accoutrements. The Macedonians lost 300 men, besides many being wounded.

This great victory was the death blow to the Persian Empire. It made Alexander practically ruler over all Asia, and reduced Darius to the condition of a fugitive. This victory was followed by the immediate surrender of the two great southern capitals, Babylon and Susa. Sending his general Philoxenus to take possession of Susa, Alex

ander himself made a triumphal entry into Babylon. \$75,000,000 was yielded with these two cities. Much of this money was distributed among the soldiers. Alexander remained in Babylon one month. He built temples to their gods, and offered splendid sacrifices. He appointed governors or satraps over the various satrapies or provinces. In cases where they had submitted without resistance he continued those already in office, otherwise replacing them by Macedonians. He visited Susa, where he was reinforced by 15,000 men, among whom were fifty noble Macedonian youths soliciting admittance into his corps of pages.

From Susa he directed his course toward Persis, or Persia proper. His route lay over the mountains, in whose narrow passes dwelt the Uxii, a warlike, barbaric tribe, who demanded that he should pay them tribute, as Darius had been in the habit of doing. Alexander invited them to meet him at the pass and receive it. A secret path over the mountains having been made known to him he conducted his troops over it during the night, surprised the Uxii in their villages and so defeated them that they were soon ready to sue for pardon, and said no more about receiving tribute.

Four days' march thence brought him to the Susian Gate, a narrow pass leading into the heart of Persis, and which was held by the satrap of the province adjoining. Vigorous efforts on the part of Alexander failed to rout the holders of the pass, while the trial was costing the lives of many of his men. There was no other route by which he could reach Persepolis except to turn back and take a roundabout course involving several days' travel. At last a Lykian slave conducted him, with part of his forces, over the mountains by a hard and snow-bound path known only to himself. They suffered greatly from cold, but finally reached the rear of the force holding the pass and set upon them, those left on the other side acting in concert with them, until the Persians were dispersed and the pass won.

Persepolis and Pasargadae, the capital cities of Persis, speedily fell into the hands of the conqueror. It was upon entering the first of these towns that Alexander was moved to tears of compassion by beholding 800 captive Greeks who had been subjected by their Persian masters to all sorts of mutilation, such as the loss of eyes, ears, tongues, arms or legs. He provided amply for their wants, and wreaked vengeance upon the poor Persians for their wrongs by burning their city, slaying their men and selling their women and children into bondage. He remained a month near Persepolis, during which time he subdued all the neighboring tribes, even to the warlike Mardi.

Being now in full possession of all that part of Asia west of the Zagros mountains, the next wish of Alexander was to become master of the less known and more barbaric eastern part. Accordingly he left a garrison of 3,000 men at Persepolis, and set out to follow Darius into Media, whither the fugitive had fled with his body guard on the occasion of his defeat at Arhela. Here, at Ecbotana, the summer capital of the Persian kings, Darius had remained during the seven months which had elapsed since that memorable battle. He had hoped that Alexander, possessed of the eastern capitals, Babylon, Susa and Persepolis, would have become so satiated with conquest that he would be glad to rest and leave him to the possession of the eastern part of his empire in peace. In this case he hoped also, by enormous bribes, to gain the release of his captive family. He little knew the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, or such hopes would never have had birth. With Alexander, conquest had become the business and pleasure of life; and as long as that life lasted and there was territory to conquer, so long would he continue in the path that he had marked out for himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To be a philosopher is not merely to have wise thoughts, but so to love wisdom as to live according to its dictates.

For Our Little Folks.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY, PUBLISHED IN No.
23, VOL. XXIV.

1. WHAT kind of a spirit seized many of the Twelve Apostles in those early days of the Church? A. One of speculation, disaffection and apostasy.

2. How did they speak of the Prophet Joseph? A. As a fallen prophet.

3. At a certain meeting of the Apostles and other leading Elders, what question was discussed? A. How to depose the Prophet Joseph and appoint David Whitmer president of the Church.

4. Who opposed the proposition that was made? A. Father John Smith, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and others.

5. What stand did Brigham Young take? A. He denounced the vile attempt to belittle the Prophet of God.

6. How did his position effect some of those present? A. Many were highly enraged.

7. What man was particularly noticeable? A. Jacob Bump, an old pugilist, who desired to attack Brigham Young.

8. What was the result of the meeting? A. It was broken up without any decided measures of opposition being adopted.

9. What was needed in this great

time of trial? A. The spirit of revelation for each member.

16. Without this who were liable to falter? A. Every soul either great or small.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 23: Jenetta Blood, Henry H. Blood, Heber C. Blood and Miss Emma E. Tolman.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When compelled to leave Kirtland owing to persecution by his enemies, how much property did Brigham Young have to forsake? 2. Did he accumulate all this because he devoted himself exclusively to business? 3. How was his prosperity accounted for? 4. Although there was so much persecution and opposition against the Saints in Missouri, what was Brigham Young's testimony regarding their general character? 5. When did Brother Brigham leave Missouri with his family, and to what place did they go? 6. What position did he then hold in the Church? 7. What became of the two who were his seniors in that body? 8. What circumstance caused an unusual amount of responsibility to rest upon Brigham Young at this time? 9. What did he counsel the Twelve to do at this time? 10. What did he expect the Saints to do?

PRIZES.

WE will continue Questions on Church History and will give the following prizes to those persons furnishing the most complete and correct answers to questions published in the first half of this volume, and which begin with this number:

First Prize.—One year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Second Prize.—"From Kirtland to Salt Lake," a new and interesting work by Elder Jas. A. Little.

Third Prize.—By Uphill Paths.

DIMPLE'S USEFULNESS.

THUMP—bump—bang! No wonder the racket made grandma start nervously and Aunt Patie rush to the stairs and call out:

"What in the world has happened?"

"It's noffin' but only me. I'm dittin' up!" piped a small voice in the chamber above.

Evidently Dimple was getting up, and something else was getting down, for another clatter was heard and a stream of water began to trickle down the stairs.

"It's noffin but this big pitcher," called Dimple, appearing in his night dress in the hall. "I just set it down some hard, you know; and it came to pieces. The table's fell over too."

"Dimple Stacy! you do put me out of all patience," cried Aunt Patie as she ran up to mend the mischief

which had been his waking work. "I've a mind to tie you in bed so you can't get up until I'm ready to see to you."

"That would be defful!" said Dimple, slipping past her with his clothes on his arm, and hastening to the safety of grandma's presence. She dressed him, gave him his breakfast, then set his sailor hat on his head and bade him go out and play.

"Go out and pick up your chips first thing," said Aunt Patie. "You are getting too big to be of no use."

"I *are* useful," said Dimple earnestly. "What would folks do without me?"

Grandma kissed him and he set off swinging his basket, which held from six to a dozen chips according to the way Dimple packed it. He has been known to fill it with three, by a careful selection of the largest, so you see his daily task of picking up four basketfuls was not very severe.

When that was done Dimple peeped over into the cow-yard.

"Wish Aunt Patie would let me help milk," he said to himself.

Old Brindle shook her horns threateningly, for she had a little calf by her side and did not wish to encourage intruders in her family quiet.

"You needn't shook your head at me," said Dimple bravely. "If you hooked me, grandma would make you sorry. Maybe I'd better feed the piggies."

Four little pigs looked up at the small figure which presently tugged

at the slide of their feeding trough.

It flew open at last with a jerk that sent Dimple tumbling on his back, and before he could pick himself up and go for the milk bucket, one, two, three, four little pigs wriggled through the convenient slide and ran grunting and whisking curly tails straight towards Aunt Patie's flower bed under the window.

"Stop! stop!" cried Dimple earnestly. "That wasn't what I meant."

But little did the piggies care for that.

Out from the house came grandma, and out came Aunt Patie, filled with horror; away ran the pigs and away ran the people, guilty Dimple's short legs making good speed, but powerless to remedy the mischief he had caused.

Such a race as that was not quickly ended. I do not know what would have become of those pigs at last if Abner, the hired man, had not come up from the field and helped to catch them.

Only the fourth and smallest pig ran—where do you think? Into the kitchen through the open door, and from there into the milk room, where stood the churn just filled with yellow cream.

"You can't have *that*, sir," cried Dimple, triumphantly grasping the pig's hind leg, and down in a heap went churn, piggy and child, with the cream over all.

"But I've got hold of him; he can't get away from *me*!" said Dim-

ple, as grandma rushed in and tried to pick up her darling, while piggy cried "wee! wee!" louder than the little pig in the story.

"I'm out of all patience!" said Aunt Patie, as she undressed Dimple and re-dressed him in dry and uncreamy garments. "Such a child I never saw!"

"Why, I *caught* the piggy," said Dimple. "Didn't that help some? That was 'most as useful as Abner!"

But the next day Aunt Patie led Dimple to the red schoolhouse down the lane, and he began to "go to school like big boys."

Would you like to know what he did then? Some day I will tell you about his spelling lessons.

C. A. G.

LOVING MEMORY IN DOGS.

A PAPER called the *Zoophilist* (a word which means "A friend of living things") has the following story: The late Mr. Eyre, a clergyman, left a dog, which was very much attached to him, at the country house of a friend while he left England for a long sojourn abroad. After two years Mr. Eyre returned, arriving at his friend's house late at night and retiring without having the dog called. Next morning Mr. Eyre was awakened by the dog bursting into his bedroom and leaping upon him with the wildest demonstrations of delight. "How on earth did he know I had

arrived?" asked the gentleman of the servant who brought hot water.

"Oh, sir," the man replied, "it is the most curious thing! As I was cleaning your boots the dog recognized them and became excited beyond measure, and I have not been able to quiet him until he saw where I was carrying them, and rushed up along with me to your door."

A correspondent of the same paper relates that he gave away, at a year old, a dog which he was unable to keep in his London home. After eight years the dog was returned to its first owner. "The dog met me," says the correspondent, "at first as a stranger, and then with little ani-

mated sniffs going round and round me. I remained still for a few moments, while she grew more and more excited. At last I stooped and patted her and called her by her name, 'Dee.' On hearing my voice the poor beast gave what I can only describe as a scream of rapture and leaped into my arms. From that moment she attached herself to me as if she had never left me, and with the tenderest devotion."

HE who loses half an hour every morning runs after it during all the day without being able to overtake it.

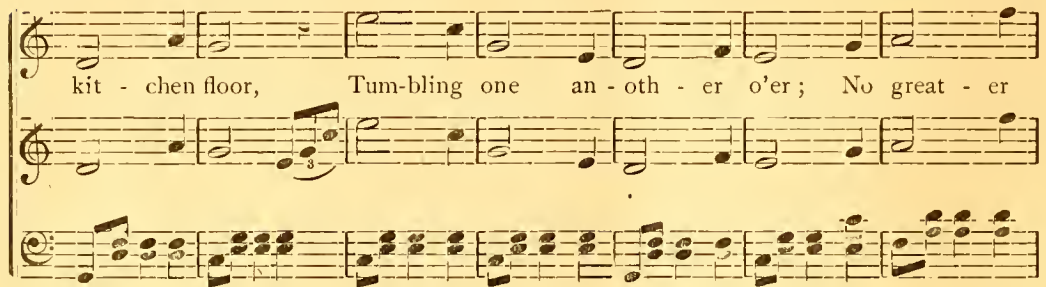
ROMPING ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR.

WORDS BY J. L. TOWNSEND.
Moderato.

MUSIC BY E. F. PARRY.

When the chores are all done in the even-ing, The chil-dren all

gath-er'd with-in ; The ta-ble cleared off af-ter sup-per, Pa-

Waltz time.

First, pulling him down, they leap on him,
And call for a circus, of course,
And drive him all round at a gallop,
A jolly old family horse.

The toddlers fall off in the journey,—
Their horse is too hard to control—
The others are tossed in a corner,
Where over and over they roll.

Papa on his hands and knees creeping,
Now plays he's a savage old bear;

He growls, while the children all screaming
Find safety behind mama's chair.

Now all are at 'hide and seek' playing;
Papa hides the toddlers away;
In cupboard and chest they are waiting
To fly to the goal in their play.

Now all play at 'puss wants a corner';
What racing and romping they do!
'Till tired of their laughter and frolic,
They cease and their evening is through.

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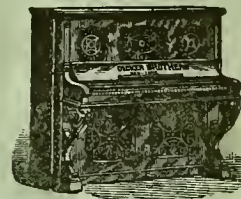
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